

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

G. C O L M A N.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
G. C O L M A N,
F R O M
W. K E N R I C K.

K

Ἀκροθίνια των Πυγμαίων κολοσσα.

Pygmaeorum acrothinia colosso.

L O N D O N:
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

MR. Colman having taken the opportunity of his last publication, to thank Mr. Kenrick in a very peculiar manner, for his friendly intention to interpose between him and his brother patentees; the latter hopes he will be thought excusable, in giving this public proof, that he is not easily outdone in courtesy. PAR PARI REFERTUR.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
G. C O L M A N.

I.

AS lounging lately round the plain,
A hound, of the sheep-biting train,
Had slipt into a snare * ;
It chanc'd that, timely passing by,
I heard the yelping mungrel's cry,
And made the cur my care.

* I fell into the snare.

II.

With pitying eye, I saw him bleed,
And would his tortur'd tail have freed,
And hush'd his howling moan ;
But as my friendly hand I gave,
That hand the snarler seem'd to crave *,
He bit it to the bone.

III.

So, Colman, thou, in rancour rude,
With more than Tray's ingratitude
My friendly aid hast treated † ;
Thy insolence at highest pitch,
Tho floundering in a miry ditch,
As if on Atlas seated.

* Mr. Becket, bookseller, the friend and emissary of Mr. Colman, being almost daily with Mr. Kenrick, during the time that Messrs. Harris and Rutherford were preparing their Narrative, and constantly expressing his wishes that some common friend would conciliate the differences subsisting between those gentlemen and Mr. Colman.

† By the abuse Mr. Colman has thrown out toward the latter end of his case ; where Mr. Kenrick is most ungratefully and injuriously treated, for
having,

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[3]

IV.

What tho in mock theatric state
Thou sit'st, a mimic magistrate,
King in imagination ;
I must disturb thee from thy dream,
And wake thee to an actual theme,
Thy rise and present station.

V.

Dropp'd, in a basket pinn'd, of yore,
A puny bantling at her door,
Dame Fortune found thee first ;
When, fondest of the froward'st child,
She on the wayward foundling smil'd,
And sent thee to be nurs'd.

having, at the request of Messrs. Harris and Rutherford, desired some friends of Mr. Colman to interest themselves in making up the breach between all the patentees. *Ingratum si dixeris omnia dixeris.*

See COLMAN'S TRUE STATE.

VI. In

VI.

In classic cradle lull'd thy head,
 With poesy's panada fed,
 And pleas'd with rhyme and rattle :
 Thy childhood THORNTON * took in hand,
 With LLOYD †, to teach thee how to stand,
 And how in print to prattle.

VII.

With ROSCIUS next, so Rumour rings,
 A peevish chit in leading-strings,
 A cock-horse you'd be striding :
 Meanwhile, as after GARRICK's dance
 Your wooden Pegasus did prance,
 You fancied you were riding ‡.

* Bonnel Thornton, Esq; the facetious author of many ludicrous pieces; and Mr. Colman's colleague in writing the *Connoisseur*.

† Lloyd. The late ingenious Mr. Robert Lloyd; to whose elegant, though prostituted, pen, Mr. Colman is indebted for many a lift to his rising reputation.

‡ It is notorious that Mr. Colman's first and best play, the *Jealous Wife*, was like many others offered to the stage, a mere *rudis indigestaque moles*,
 when

VIII.

But ah ! whence once forsaking Puck *,
 You whipp'd and spur'd t' o'ertake his luck,
 Poor Cavalero spider † !
 By you the shadow substance deem'd,
 Stern Fortune ‡ frown'd, and frantic seem'd
 Both hobby-horse and rider:

when first presented to Mr. Garrick, who, with his usual alacrity exerted his great abilities to reduce it into its present form. The reader, however, who is desirous of being more particularly acquainted with its merit, as it now stands, is referred to the critique, inserted in the Monthly Review about the time of its first exhibition; written by Mr. Colman's particular and very sincere friend Capt. Dr. J. Berkenhout. How far Mr. Garrick might assist Mr. Colman in the *English Merchant*, and his other petty pieces, may probably be gathered from a perusal of the *Oxonian in Town*, when Mr. Colman chuses to publish it. For in this, we may venture to say Mr. Garrick had no hand.—One cannot help reflecting on this occasion on the whimsical situation of our modern Roscius; who frequently furnishes our play-wrights with that very merit, which undiscerning criticks have afterwards produced as proof of their superior talents. It is a little hard however, that because a man is ambidexter, he should be supposed less able to write with his right hand than his left.

* See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

† For Cavalero Cobweb.—See the same.

‡ In the shape of G - - - - - l P - - - - - y.

IX.

Fatal the hour when first betray'd
 T' abandon GARRICK's fost'ring aid,
 On certain fate to rush;
 You thought, no doubt, just taught to stand,
 To strut with POWELL, hand in hand;
 Alas! king Phyz and Ush*!

X.

How short your transitory sway,
 Crown'd and dethron'd within a day,
 A stage-trap revolution!
 Yet so, of like theatric state
 A year the power may terminate,
 And change the constitution.

* See the play of the Rehearsal.

XI. What,

XI.

What, young KING COLEY*, then art thou,
 To whom obsequious monarchs bow,
 As each subjection catches ?
 Thy hands in state behind thee tied,
 Art thou not, glorying in thy pride,
 A king of shreds and patches †!

XII.

How could it enter, then, thy pate ;
 That I should be a candidate ‡,
 To ape thy tiny grandeur ?

* No relation to the merry old gentleman of the same name, recorded in ancient poetry ; but a peevish brat of a very different family.

† See Hamlet.

‡ Mr. Colman is pleased to insinuate (page 60. of his pamphlet) that Mr. Kenrick is "a candidate to represent the four patentees of Goyentgarden as a *stipendiary* manager."—Mr. Colman must know but little of Mr. Kenrick, not to know that he despises the managerial dignity, of which Mr. Colman is so tenacious, not less than he himself is ridiculously proud of it. At the same time he might have known, that, although Mr. Kenrick does not eat the bread of idleness, he as little desires such a *stipend* as Mr. Colman.

That

That I, behind some bully rock,
Should stalk, like swelling turkey-cock,
Yet own myself a gander *?

XIII.

Believe me ; no.—Such mimic state
And mimic power, I proudly hate ;
For, know, my pride is real.
Rather, a prodigal, I'd dine
On draff and husks with subject swine,
Then rule o'er kings ideal.

XIV.

Why give to me that fav'rite name,
Which you by long prescription claim ?
'Tis you abuse and flatter.

* See Mr. Colman's pamphlet ; in several parts of which he pretends to have been over-reached by men, whom he affected to treat as children, and whose understandings he had the impudence to despise.

'Tis you, not I, that DO the news* :

'Tis you whom all, that know, accuse,

And call a Mr. SPATTER †.

* DOING the news-papers, is represented to be the principal occupation of Mr. Spatter.—Now though Mr. Kenrick hath sometimes obliged Mr. Colman and the rest of the proprietors of the *St. James's Chronicle**, with an occasional jeu d'esprit; yet certain it is, that the said Mr. Colman, and not Mr. Kenrick, is the stated *doer* of that paper; as the barefaced puffs and notorious falsehoods constantly inserted in his favour, and the abuse thrown out against his opposetns, evidently prove.

† See that most excellent dramatic performance entitled the *English Merchant*, DONE from Mr. Voltaire's *L'Ecoffaille*, wherein the character of Mr. Spatter is described as "One of those wretches who miscall themselves authors; a fellow whose heart and tongue and pen are equally scandalous; who tries to insinuate himself every where, to make mischief if there is none, and to increase it if he finds any."—How Mr. Colman can so virulently impute such a character to a man whose real character he is totally ignorant of, and who is so far from insinuating himself every where, that he is hardly known any where, is really amazing. But that he should do this in return for such person's attempting, at the desire of his friends, to serve him, is surely a monstrous instance of ingratitude.—But, he insinuates that Mr. Kenrick "Flatters himself with the hopes of expelling Mr. Colman from the management, and of seating himself, by the assistance of his friends, in the vacant chair."—Poor Colman! surely the mock-dignity of king of Brentford hath affected your intellects, or you could never be so ridiculous as to suppose your invidious situation desirable! If Mr. Kenrick indeed, had ever betrayed any ambition to become runner to a theatre; had he ever shewn any absurd attachment to its fair dependents; had he ever neglected more interesting pursuits, forfeited the esteem of his

* An evening paper, prostituted to the puffing off Mr. Colman's parasites, and the printer's pot-companions.

XV.

Vain is thy whining poor pretence
 To truth and injur'd innocence * :
 Thy virtues, brought to light,

friends, or rendered himself upon that account contemptible to the world, Mr. Colman might have had some kind of plea for his suspicion. But the contrary is notorious.—It is true, Mr. Kenrick, hath written a play; it is true the reception it met with from the publick, may some time or other induce him, when he hath nothing better to do, to write another. He does not indeed compare his *amusements* with Mr. Colman's *works*; Mr. Kenrick's dramatic attempts must be looked upon as mere relaxations from "philosophical experiments and brags-rule making†." Play-writing is Mr. Colman's profession, Mr. Kenrick has several better; but, had he not, he is too sensible of the advantages Mr. Colman has forfeited, to think of writing for any other house, while Mr. Garrick is manager at Drury-lane. And he may appeal to that gentleman whether he is under any necessity of supplanting Mr. Colman at Covent-garden, in order to have any future performance exhibited to the best advantage.—Mr. Colman is pleased to speak of the compliment paid him, and really intended him, in the prologue to the *Widow'd Wife*, in a manner Mr. Kenrick cannot well understand; when he does, he will endeavour to make him a proper reply. In the mean time he cannot help thinking it, from what he does understand, an additional proof of the propriety with which Mr. Colman is compared to the snarling cur commemorated at the beginning of this epistle; the language Mr. Colman makes use of on the occasion, being a genuine instance of the *canina facundia*‡.

* Mr. Colman's pamphlet is called in the Public Ledger of February 16.
 "An artless tale, supported by incontestible truths, pleading the cause of

† See Colman's *True State*, p. 60.

‡ As this adage may possibly have slipped Mr. Colman's memory, it may not be amiss to remind him, that it is used of those Mr. Spatters, qui tantum ad male dicendum eloquentiæ studium exercent;—a rixa canium et oblatratu sumpto epitheto.

Will shew thee fully as thou art,
 With SPATTER's tongue and pen and heart,
 A Moral hypocrite!

XVI.

While independent I can live*,
 No meant offence I'll take or give,
 Nor flatter nor abuse :
 And let me tell you, as a friend,
 In you 'tis idle to contend
 For pow'r you cannot use.

injured innocence." Why then do not Messrs. Colman and Powell leave this artless tale to recommend itself, instead of engaging anonymous scribblers to prejudice their antagonists with those who have never read it.—Do Messrs. Harris and Rutherford take such disingenuous methods?—No. They let their Narrative speak for itself; and a pretty pair of *injured innocents* it shews Messrs. Colman and Powell to be!—It should be observed indeed, that things are not always innocent because they are objects of pity, nor harmless merely because they are contemptible.

* Mr. Colman is pleased to be witty on Mr. Kenrick, for having exercised a mechanic art. He should have had some better authority for the fact, however, than that of Mother Midnight; in whose Old Woman's

XVII.

What tho the world, that's out of doors,
Knows not th' emoluments of yours,
To stage-intrigues a stranger ;
Yet none, who cast a friendly eye
On piteous COLEY passing by,
Can think he's fit for RANGER *.

XVIII.

By Nature form'd as ill for wars
Of *Venus*, as for those of *Mars* ;
In both a recreant knight,

man's Magazine this excellent joke was first cut, about fifteen years ago. Mr. Kenrick, indeed, cannot conceal the disgrace of having industriously applied himself, as well to the mechanic as the liberal arts ; but that he hath made a trade of them any more than Mr. Colman has done, is a mistake. Mr. Colman no doubt intended to be very sarcastical on Mr. Kenrick on this occasion ; the latter, however, cannot help being greatly flattered with the encomium ; as it recalls to his mind a similar sarcasm of a certain French writer, of exactly Mr. Colman's standard, who took upon him as wittily to reproach even the great Sir Isaac Newton, with being a spectacle-maker.

* A part which Mr. Garrick hath played on the stage with universal applause. It is no wonder therefore it is attempted to be rehearsed behind the scenes by Mr. Colman.

From

From one, like *Paris*, flunk away,
Hard labour yours in softer fray
To do your *Helen* right!

XIX.

How then should you, behind the scenes,
E'er mollify contending queens,
And bring them to their duty?
Say, what can such a thing as you,
Between two fierce viragos do,
But stoop and kiss their shoe-tye.

XX.

In vain your feeble rage may burn,
Or kinder passions take their turn;
To you alike pernicious,
Whether by LESSY's frown you die,
Or W——'s white wench's coal-black eye,
In extasy delicious!

E

XXI. And

XXI.

Should my Lord B— — — escape,
 And baffled justice bring the rape
 With harams into fashion,
 You, then, indeed, with POWELL's aid
 The green-room a seraglio made*,
 Might glut your amorous passion.

XXII.

Just as I've seen on chimney-top
 A lewd cock-sparrow, billing, hop,
 Allur'd from hen to hen;
 The fair disgusted one by one,
 While he, no sooner off than on,
 Was off as soon again.

* The reader who desires a particular explanation of this parenthesis, is referred to Mr. P - - - ll himself, who can best explain it.

XXIII. But

XXIII.

But ah! beware; and tho thy power
 In spleen or love the present hour
 To spend, as suits thy taste,
 Resolve on some more saving plan;
 Nor let so little of a man
 Thus run himself to waste.

XXIV.

For know, unless with Roscius still
 In the same ink you dipp'd your quill,
 You must not hope that he,
 Tho proud to bottle Shakespeare up*,
 Will, even in a broken cup,
 E'er save one drop of thee.

* See Mr. Garrick's prologue to the Winter's Tale, as altered from Shakespeare.

T H E E N D.

XXIII.

But all I saw was
in the air the
To find as before
Noble on the
Noble on the
The same

For now, under
In the air the
You can see
The same
Well, you are
The same



T H E

